Monk's House
Rodmell
near Lewes
Sussex

6th May 1940

Oh Jer – do come – I've been in such a pelt that's couldn't write before. So now merely suggest, emphatically, Friday 16th.. Stay the night – it's understood that means all Saturday – no excuses about lunch, as we are waiting at Asheham.

Great lowries are carrying sandbags down to the river: guns are being emplaced on the Banks. So do come before the elm ablaze. At the moment, the flowers are doing theirs best. Their jargon comes from my first aid practice; & the Women's Institute.

Quentin has sent me Joe – & there's the gold box, only one a piece & tablets scattered, on the table. Lottie's father is being buried in state; so I have to wash up & must now descend to the sink.

V.

I did all the meals; potatoes; & made a pie.

Monk's House,
Rodmell,
near Lewes,
Sussex.

12th Aug. 1940.

1. What about Friday 30th ? - same conditions: Saturday lunch.
2. Leonard must admit that he had this
   Gadget already: but is none the less
   Grateful:
3. Country must regard this enthusiastically
   accept: good news already
   sent to John: who will
   communicate officially.
4. why don't we come Sunday meet at
   the Speed Post. we set them home?
   I throw this out as a plan to be
   considered when you come:
   so let me know that you do
   Come: & don't have a plan
   direct between like this.
5. Love. Rather pestered by visa when young
   man: his visa: dark young men:
   we must stop — V.

Aug-31. 1940

385 Lewes.
Ring me up
any time.

Monk's House
Rodmell
near Lewes
Sussex

Friday.

I've just stopped talking to
you. It was so strange.
It suddenly became real —
there playing bowls — I'd
just put flowers in your
room. And there you sat
with the bomb falling
round you.
What can one say — except
that I love you — I'm
glad to live through this strange
quiet evening thinking of you
sitting there alone.
Dearest — let me have a
line — Let us meet
next week. But one can
scarcely bear it. Only we
must. Oh! loving

You have given me
such happiness.

V.

COPY

(Aug.31.1940)

Monk's House.

Rodmell

near Lewes

Sussex

This means that I was going to stay with her at Rodmell, and got caught in an air raid (Battle of Britain) and telephoned to say I'd better not come.

385 Lewes

Ring me up any time

Friday

(seen?)

I've just stopped talking to you. It seems so strange. Its perfectly peaceful here - I have (sic) playing bowls - I'd just put flowers in your room. And there you sit with the bombs falling round you.

What can one say - except that I love you and I've got to live through this strange quiet evening thinking of you sitting there alone.

Dearest - let me have a line - let us meet next week. But one can scarcely bear it. Only we must. She means To wait -

Your loving V

You have given me such happiness

Monk's House
Rodmell
near Lewes
Sussex

4th Oct. 1940

"Oh I'm glad" — those were the very words Leonard spoke when I said Vita says she'll come. If you could hear what the wolves usually say when people say they're coming — . So do. Wednesday we suggest: a thin compact one you may be Thursday luncheon. What's the matter with Ethel? Is it a mood, or anything wrong? I can't make out. This morning's letter again refers to "an Eyesight letter from Vita". Are rails pretty distant. Two hours in I ordered dinner, a mile away in the marsh. Mecklenburgh Sq.[4] uninhabitable.

Two horse carriages - Ours has no glass or
ceiling - Ken moved to Letchworth —

But will keep our
travelling tales till we meet

Yr ever loving
Jim dear — & Lord
what a
Party that —

NYPL

Munich Thurs.

12th March.

Oh what a pleasure to get your
letter! And how cold! — I was
dazed & I felt that you felt
we were out of touch: as for
myself, I never feel out of touch
with you — That's odd but true.
And what made it happen with us?
Politics, religion, patriotism? to whatever
[illegible] "various reasons" you, dear old
thing, darling? I longed to know.
for I've divined them two & the dear.

Here I am in the [illegible].
working myself up — can't yet

normal, but hope to be up by
the end of the week. And so to bed.

And this is the end of sheets of
paper I can find

Bursting to hear how
you & get your wife! How
it heartened me! And how
I long to hear from you

NYPL

this what been worrying you —
for you'll never think me off — no.
not for a moment — do I feel
Even less attached. Just it odd?
And so I didn't write but
walked — Yes, oh, do come.
What fun, what joy that I'll
be.

Yours

HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62